

L E T T E R S.

VOL. IV.

A

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LETTERS

Of the Right Honourable

Lady M—Y W—Y M—E :

Written during her Travels in

EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA,

T O

Persons of Distinction, Men of Letters, &c.
in different PARTS of EUROPE.

Which contain, among other curious Relations,

ACCOUNTS OF THE POLICY

A N D

MANNERS OF THE TURKS,

DRAWN FROM

SOURCES that have been INACCESSIBLE

To other TRAVELLERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOLUME the FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

Printed for B. DODD, and T. REILY.

M. DCC. LXXI.



LETTERS

Of the Right Honourable

Lady M——y W——y M——c.

LETTER XLIX.

To the Lady R-----

Paris, Oct. 10. O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R--- a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her than chusing to do it in this feat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French ambafadrefs at Constantinople, has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not want that addition to make

me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the god-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starv'd faces, and thin tattered cloaths, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV. has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late king passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them,

*new the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossièreté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth compared to that of the Hay-market, and the playhouse not so neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs O — d a better place than to be confidente to La ——. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can only be said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than

to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.---*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such---(I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress; so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress, from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty country women: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say, that these grotesque dawbers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R-----'s auburne hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion. I am, &c. &c.

P. S. I have met the Abbe here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

LETTER L.

To Mr T-----

Paris, Oct. 16. O. S. 1718.

YOU see I'm just to my word in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surpris'd to meet my sister, I need not add, very much pleas'd. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters;) and this meeting would shine under the hand of de Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far, as to tell you how often we embraced, how she enquir'd, by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? and I answer'd her by asking, what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions, and answers, and exclamations, and compliments being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was fol-

lowed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals is indeed very richly furnished. Amongst that collection, none pleased so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains; the theatre, the grove of Æsop's fables, &c. all which you may read very amply particularized in some of the French authors, that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli better than either of them, and St Cloud best of all, having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in

the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many foot they cast up the water.

We saw the king's pictures in the magnificent house of the duke D'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me, if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-Park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre, I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke-regent. He is tall and well-shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his great grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say, I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr Law, who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost

submission and respect.---Poor souls! -----
This reflection on their abject slavery, puts
me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but
I will not take up your time and my own
with such descriptions, which are too nu-
merous.

In general, I think Paris has the advan-
tage of London, in the neat pavement of
the streets, and the regular lighting of
them at nights, in the proportion of the
streets, the houses being all built of stone,
and most of those belonging to people of
quality, being beautified by gardens. But
we certainly may boast of a town very
near twice as large; and when I have said
that, I know nothing else we surpass it in.
I shall not continue here long; if you have
any thing to command me during my short
stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure
in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER LI.

To the Abbot —

Dover, Oct. 31. O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing-boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. 'Tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion: and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady

that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me.-----“ Dear Madam, will you “ take care of this point? if it should be “ lost!---Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!--- “ Lord have mercy on my soul!---Pray, “ Madam, take care of this head-dress.” This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after know-

ledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain inquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer, that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden pippins, that the Beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of

day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

L E T T E R LII.

To Mr P----

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that requires an answer.

I must applaud your good nature in supposing that your pastoral lovers, (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine

that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reprov'd for thinking a village destroyed by fire, more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lyes John Hughes, and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, What's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On that poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!

On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd,
 These tender lovers sadly frighten'd,
 Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
 In hopes to pass the time away.
 But the BOLD THUNDER found them out,
 (Commission'd for that end no doubt)
 And seizing on their trembling breath,
 Consign'd them to the shades of death.
 Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
 For had they seen the next year's sun,
 A beaten wife and cuckold swain
 Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
 Now they are happy in their doom,
 FOR POPE HAS WROTE UPON THEIR TOMB.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid living humble servant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr C——; but suppose you will read this to him, if he inquires after me.

* LETTER LIII.

To Lady —

January 13. 1715-16.

I FIND, after all, by your letter of yesterday, that Mrs D — is resolved to marry the old greasy curate. She was always high-church in an excessive degree; and, you know, she used to speak of Sacheverel as an apostolic saint, who was worthy to sit in the same place with St Paul, if not a step above him. It is a matter, however, very doubtful to me, whether it is not still more the man, than the apostle, that Mrs. D — looks to in the present alliance. Though at the age of forty, she is, I assure you, very far from being cold and insensible; her fire may be covered with ashes, but it is not extinguished — Don't be deceived, my dear, by that prudish and fanc-

* This and the following letters are now first published.

tified air.---Warm devotions is no equivocal mark of warm passions ; besides, I know it is a fact, (of which I have proofs in hand, which I will tell you by word of mouth) that our learned and holy prude is exceedingly disposed to use the *means* supposed in the primitive command, let what will come of the end. The curate indeed is very filthy--- Such a red, spungy, warty nose ! such a squint !--- In short, he is ugly beyond expression ; and, what ought naturally to render him peculiarly displeasing to one of Mrs D-----'s constitution and propensities, he is stricken in years. Nor do I really know how they will live. He has but forty-five pounds a year---the but a trifling sum ; so that they are likely to feast upon love and ecclesiastical history, which will be very empty food, without a proper mixture of beef and pudding. I have, however, engaged our friend, who is the curate's landlord, to give them a good lease ; and if Mrs D-----, instead of spending whole days in reading Collier, Hicks, and vile translations of Plato and Epictetus, will but form the resolution of taking care of her house, and minding her dairy, things

things may go tolerably. It is not likely that their tender loves will give them many sweet babes to provide for.

I met the lover yesterday, going to the ale-house in his dirty night-gown, with a book under his arm to entertain the club; and as Mrs D— was with me at the time, I pointed out to her the charming creature: she blushed and looked prim; but quoted a passage out of Herodotus, in which it is said that the Persians wore long night-gowns. There is really no more accounting for the taste in marriage of many of our sex, than there is for the appetite of your neighbour Miss S---y, who makes such waste of chalk and charcoal when they fall in her way.

As marriage produces children, so children produce care and disputes; and wrangling, as is said (at least by old bachelors and old maids) is one of the *sweets* of the conjugal state. You tell me that our friend Mrs — is at length blessed with a son; and that her husband, who is a great philosopher, (if his own testimony is to be depended upon) insists on her suckling it herself. You ask my advice on this matter; and to give it you frankly, I really

think that Mr ——'s demand is unreasonable, as his wife's constitution is tender, and her temper fretful. A true philosopher would consider these circumstances; but a pedant is always throwing his system in your face, and applies it equally to all things, times and places, just like a taylor who would make a coat out of his own head, without any regard to the bulk or figure of the person that must wear it. All those fine-spun arguments that he has drawn from Nature to stop your mouths, weigh, I must own to you, but very little with me. This same Nature is indeed a specious word, nay there is a great deal in it, if it is properly understood and applied; but I cannot bear to hear people using it to justify what common sense must disavow. Is not Nature modified by art in many things? Was it not designed to be so? And is it not happy for human society that it is so? Would you like to see your husband let his beard grow until he would be obliged to put the end of it in his pocket, because this beard is the gift of nature? The instincts of Nature point out neither taylor, nor weavers, nor mantua-makers, nor sempsters, nor milliners: and yet I am

very glad that we do not run naked like the Hottentots. But not to wander from the subject; I grant that Nature has furnished the mother with milk to nourish her child; but I maintain at the same time, that if she can find better milk elsewhere, she ought to prefer it without hesitation. I don't see why she should have more scruple to do this, than her husband has to leave the clear fountain, which Nature gave him to quench his thirst, for stout October, port, or claret. Indeed if Mrs ---- was a buxom sturdy woman, who lived on plain food, took regular exercise, enjoyed proper returns of rest, and was free from violent passions (which you and I know is not the case) she might be a good nurse for her child; but as matters stand, I do verily think that the milk of a good comely cow, who feeds quietly in her meadow, never devours ragouts, nor drinks ratafia, nor frets at quadrille, nor sits up till three in the morning elated with gain or dejected with loss; I do think that the milk of such a cow, or of a nurse that came as near it as possible, would be likely to nourish the young squire much better than hers. If it be true that the child sucks in the mother's

passions with her milk, this is a strong argument in favour of the cow, unless you may be afraid that the young squire may become a calf; but how many calves are there both in state and church, who have been brought up with their mother's milk?

I promise faithfully to communicate to no mortal the letter you wrote me last.--- What you say of two of the rebel lords, I believe to be true; but I can do nothing in the matter. If my projects don't fail in the execution, I shall see you before a month passes. Give my service to Doctor Blackbeard; he is a good man, but I never saw in my life such a persecuting face cover a humane and tender heart. I imagine within myself, that the Smithfield priests, who burned the Protestants in the time of Queen Mary, had just such faces as the Doctor's. If we were Papists, I should like him very much for my confessor; his seeming austerity would give you and I a great reputation for sanctity; and his good indulgent heart, would be the very thing that would suit us in the affair of penance and ghostly direction.

Farewel, my dear Lady, &c.

L E T T E R LIV.

To the Abbot —

Vienna, Jan. 2. O. S. 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long, even pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connections, and what will perhaps surprise you, I have particular pleasure in my Spanish acquaintances, Count Oropeza, and General Pueblu. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out

for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little ; let the court be in the right or in the wrong, I like mightily the two counts its ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbrand's, an Aulic counsellor and a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court, in point of knowledge and abilities, is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment ; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremburg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna, is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The Count is just such a Roman Catholic as you ; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here ; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the

luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects; thus the Count begins with the *spirit*, and ends generally with the *flesh*, when he makes his addressee to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau, who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily; they are much superior to the lyric productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here; there is indeed a prodigious number of Alchymists at Vienna; the *philosophers stone* is the great object of zeal and science; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it ?) or fanaticism, from religion to chymistry; and they believe in a

new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an alchymist in his service; and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, though he has pretended to discourage it in public.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprising spirit. The library, though not very ample, is well chosen; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chafins in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there were several

quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of *spabis* and *janizaries*; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits that formerly belonged to Foquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions; so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind, as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you will say that I make an indiscreet use of the permission to lie, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarracco is just come in---He is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.----I think I see you smile;----but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; though, as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even though I should not want an absolution, I would never-

theless be glad to have an indulgence.----
No such thing.---However, as I am a he-
retic, and you no confessor, I shall make
no declarations on this head---The design
of the Count's visit is a ball;---more plea-
sure.---I shall be surfeited.

Adieu, &c.

L E T T E R LV.

To Mr P——.

Sept. 1. 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade
was in the hands of the Turks;
but, at this present moment, it has changed
masters, and is in the hands of the Impe-
rialists. A janizary, who in nine days,
and yet without any wings but what a
panic terror seems to have furnished, arri-
ved at Constantinople from the army of
the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr
W----- the news of a complete victory

obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action; and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has call'd him from the ----- (*here several words of the manuscript are effaced.*) — Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan, apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled, who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months pay to the janizaries, which seems the less necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them,

and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which however were defended by the bashaws and their retinue, while the janizaries and spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you, in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness, but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror? Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned, and of a good composition,

is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress an hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The lascivious passion of the seraglio, is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full; but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that, to one of my way of thinking, it cannot appear otherways than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of liberty, even in the bosom of servitude; and they have methods of evasion and disguise, that are very favourable to gallantry; but, after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apart-

ments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing, and dress, amuse them highly; but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners, are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation and amusements, are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the Countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of

which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr Congreve, who render that ground *classic ground*; nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state; the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, tho' your religious profession is an obstacle to court promotion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the *philosophers stone*; since, by making the *Iliad* pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Paeolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosophers stone, since you alone found out the secret, and nobody else has got into it. A — n and T — — — — I tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in

the trial-----while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the *Odyssey* soon from your happy hand; and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller *Ulysses*, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of *Peleus*, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the *Iliad* does not depend upon his merit or dignity; but I wish nevertheless, that *Homer* had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic; a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninstractive; but it is also true, that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me with the highest esteem,

Yours, &c.

* LETTER LVI.

To the Countess of ----

Saturday — Florence.

I SET out from Bologna the moment I had finished the letter I wrote you on Monday last, and shall now continue to inform you of the things that have struck me most in this excursion. Sad roads — hilly and rocky — between Bologna and Fierenzuola. Between this latter place and Florence, I went out of my road to visit the monastery of La Trappe, which is of French origin, and one of the most austere and self-denying orders I have met with. In this gloomy retreat, it gave me

* As this letter is the supplement to a preceding one, which is not come to the hands of the editor, it was probably, on that account, sent without a date. It seems evidently to have been written after Lady M. W. M. had fixed her residence in Italy.

pain to observe the infatuation of men, who have devoutly reduced themselves to a much worse condition than that of the beasts. Folly, you see, is the lot of humanity, whether it arises in the flowery paths of pleasure, or the thorny ones of an ill-judged devotion. But of the two sorts of fools, I shall always think that the merry one has the most eligible fate; and I cannot well form a notion of that spiritual and ecstatic joy, that is mixed with sighs, groans, hunger and thirst, and the other complicated miseries of monastic discipline. It is a strange way of going to work for happiness, to excite an enmity between soul and body, which nature and providence have designed to live together in an union and friendship, and which we cannot separate, like man and wife, when they happen to disagree. The profound silence that is enjoined upon the monks of La Trappe, is a singular circumstance of their unfociable and unnatural discipline; and were this injunction never to be dispensed with, it would be needless to visit them in any other character than as a collection of statues; but the superior of the convent suspended, in our favour, that rigorous law,

and allowed one of the mutes to converse with me, and answer a few discreet questions. He told me, that the monks of this order in France, are still more austere than those of Italy, as they never taste wine, flesh, fish, or eggs, but live entirely upon vegetables. The story that is told of the institution of this order, is remarkable, and is well attested, if my information be good. Its founder was a French nobleman, whose name was Bouthillier de Rancé, a man of pleasure and gallantry, which were converted into the deepest gloom of devotion by the following incident. His affairs obliged him to absent himself for some time from a lady with whom he had lived in the most intimate and tender connexions of successful love. At his return to Paris, he proposed to surprise her agreeably, and, at the same time, to satisfy his own impatient desire of seeing her, by going directly, and without ceremony, to her apartment by a back stair, which he was well acquainted with——But think of the spectacle that presented itself to him at his entrance into the chamber that had so often been the scene of love's highest raptures! his mistress dead---dead of the small-pox---disfigured

beyond expression — a loathsome mass of putrified matter-----and the surgeon separating the head from the body, because the coffin had been made too short! He stood for a moment motionless in amazement, and filled with horror----and then retired from the world, shut himself up in the convent of La Trappe, where he passed the remainder of his days in the most cruel and disconsolate devotion.-----Let us quit this sad subject.

I must not forget to tell you, that before I came to this monastery, I went to see the burning mountains near Fierenzuola, of which the naturalists speak as a great curiosity. The flame it sends forth is without smoke, and resembles brandy set on fire. The ground about it is well cultivated, and the fire appears only in one spot, where there is a cavity, whose circumference is small, but in it are several crevices whose depths are unknown. It is remarkable, that when a piece of wood is thrown into this cavity, though it cannot pass through the crevices, yet it is consumed in a moment, and that though the ground about it be perfectly cold, yet if a stick be rubbed with any force against it, it emits

a flame, which, however, is neither hot nor durable like that of the volcano. If you desire a more circumstantial account of this phenomenon, and have made a sufficient progress in Italian to read father Carazzi's description of it, you need not be at a loss, for I have sent this description to Mr F-----, and you have only to ask it of him. After observing the volcano, I scrambled up all the neighbouring hills, partly on horseback, partly on foot, but could find no vestige of fire in any of them; though common report would make one believe that they all contain volcanos.

I hope you have not taken it in your head to expect from me a description of the famous gallery here, where I arrived on Thursday at noon; this would be requiring a volume instead of a letter; besides, I have as yet seen but a part of this immense treasure, and I propose employing some weeks more to survey the whole. You cannot imagine any situation more agreeable than Florence. It lies in a fertile and smiling valley watered by the Arno, which runs through the city, and nothing can surpass the beauty and magnificence of its public buildings, particularly

the cathedral, whose grandeur filled me with astonishment. The palaces, squares, fountains, statues, bridges, do not only carry an aspect full of elegance and greatness, but discover a taste quite different, in kind, from that which reigns in the public edifices in other countries. The more I see of Italy, the more I am persuaded that the Italians have a style (if I may use that expression) in every thing, which distinguishes them almost essentially from all other Europeans. Where they have got it,-----whether from natural genius, or ancient imitation and inheritance, I shall not examine; but the fact is certain. I have been but one day in the gallery, that amazing repository of the most precious remains of antiquity, and which alone is sufficient to immortalize the illustrious house of Medicis, by whom it was built, and enriched as we now see it. I was so impatient to see the famous Venus of Medicis, that I went hastily through six apartments, in order to get a sight of this divine figure, purposing, when I had satisfied this ardent curiosity, to return and view the rest at my leisure. As I, indeed, passed through the great room which contains

the ancient statues, I was stopped short at viewing the Antinous, which they have placed near that of Adrian, to revive the remembrance of their preposterous loves, which, I suppose, the Florentines rather look upon as an object of envy, than of horror and disgust. This statue, like that of the Venus de Medicis, spurns description; such figures my eyes never beheld!-- I can now understand, that Ovid's comparing a fine woman to a statue, which I formerly thought a very disobliging similitude, was the nicest and highest piece of flattery. The Antinous is entirely naked, all its parts are bigger than nature; but the whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of the figure, carry such an expression of ease, elegance and grace, as no words can describe. When I saw the Venus I was rapt in wonder,---and I could not help casting a thought back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed together. They are worthy of each other.---If marble could see and feel, the separation might be prudent,---if it could only *see*, it would certainly lose its coldness, and learn to feel, and, in such a case, the charms of these two figures would produce an effect

quite opposite to that of the Gorgon's head, which turned flesh into stone. Did I pretend to describe to you the Venus, it would only set your imagination at work to form ideas of her figure, and your ideas would no more resemble that figure, than the Portuguese face of Miss N---, who has enchanted our knight, resembles the sweet and graceful countenance of Lady -----, his former flame. The description of a face or figure, is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea; it only gratifies the imagination with a fantastic one, until the real one is seen. So, my dear, if you have a mind to form a true notion of the divine forms and features of the Venus and Antinous, come to Florence.

I would be glad to oblige you and your friend Vertue, by executing your commission with respect to the sketches of Raphael's cartoons at Hampton-court; but I cannot do it to my satisfaction. I have indeed seen in the Grand Duke's collection four pieces, in which that wonderful artist had thrown freely from his pencil the first thoughts and rude lines of some of these compositions; and as the first thoughts of a great genius are precious,

these pieces attracted my curiosity in a particular manner; but when I went to examine them closely, I found them so damaged and effaced, that they did not at all answer my expectation. Whether this be owing to negligence or envy, I cannot say; I mention the latter, because it is notorious, that many of the modern painters have discovered ignoble marks of envy at a view of the inimitable productions of the ancients. Instead of employing their art to preserve the master-pieces of antiquity, they have endeavoured to destroy and efface many of them. I have seen with my own eyes an evident proof of this at Bologna, where the greatest part of the paintings in fresco on the walls of the convent of St Michael in Bosco, done by the Carracci and Guido Rheni have been ruined by the painters, who, after having copied some of the finest heads, scraped them almost entirely out with nails. Thus, you see, nothing is exempt from human malignity.

The word malignity, and a passage in your letter, call to my mind the wicked wasp of Twickenham: his lies affect me now no more; they will be all as much de-

spised as the story of the seraglio and the handkerchief, of which I am persuaded he was the only inventor. That man has a malignant and ungenerous heart; and he is base enough to assume the mask of a moralist, in order to decry human nature, and to give a decent vent to his hatred to man and woman-kind.----But I must quit this contemptible subject, on which a just indignation would render my pen so fertile, that after having fatigued you with a long letter, I would surfeit you with a supplement twice as long. Besides, a violent head-ach advertises me that it is time to lay down my pen and get me to bed. I shall say some things to you in my next that I would have you to impart to the *strange man*, as from yourself. My mind is at present tolerably quiet; if it were as dead to sin, as it is to certain connexions, I should be a great saint. Adieu, my dear Madam.

Yours very affectionately, &c.

L E T T E R LVII.

To Mr P——.

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are at least strange sights to me; for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarce look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here; and I often think that I am at a puppet-show, amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but no body remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is *a la mode*---there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprise, and it will greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning; for

at the end of a stare, there comes always a grin; and very commonly, the entrance of a gentleman or lady into a room, is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles, that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the chearful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this I believe would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me, that here the women form the character of the men; and I am convinced in the persuasion of this, by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first

impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous, by the imitation of their humours and graces; so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that "Man walketh in a vain shew?" I think he does; and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily, and seems to enjoy the vision; and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here, is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the king's palaces and gardens; for though I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations, afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous Colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Antony carried away from Samos, and Au-

gustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation, to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden; and after having received the homage of the Roman Emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament

without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter; so I wish you good night,

And am, &c.

LETTER LVIII.

To Count —

(Translated from the French.)

I AM charmed, Sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive, by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear that for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language, and be sure to attribute all the impertinencies and triflings dropping from my pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my

thoughts, but by no means to dullness or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented, out of their own heads, a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people read it; being afraid, that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed muslulmans much less stuffed with extravagancies, than the spiritual romances of the Greek papas.

As to your next enquiry, I assure you, 'tis certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a

future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well use to them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands, but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that; and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves as much as possible, in making little musfulmans. The virgins who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise: for women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world, but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable; even that of multiplying the human race; and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business

to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you, prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St Catharines, your St Theresas, your St Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows; who if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism?

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, Sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politics, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. 'Tis true, that military discipline, such as is now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very

well deserve this name: they have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice: but that, nevertheless, the law, which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us: nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious dis-

putes, and even of our writers: and I was surpris'd to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprizing effects. But what is to be observed most surprizing, is the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Jophanna, and Galatia, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives, that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person, whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt but there were several different species of men; since the whites,

the woolly and the long-haired blacks, the small-eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brasilians, and (to name no more) the oily skinned yellow Nova Zem-blans, have as specific differences, under the same general kind, as grey-hounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various inter-mixing of these latter animals causes mongrels, so mankind have their mongrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden, he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are natures opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so

as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air, streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness, so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this; young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing you how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you; but I am at the end, both of my French and my paper.

CONCERNING

Monfieur de la ROCHEFOUCAULT's
 Maxim—*That marriage is some-
 times convenient, but never delightful.*

IT may be thought a presumptuous attempt in me to controvert a maxim advanced by fuch a celebrated genius as Monfieur Rochefoucault, and received with fuch implicit faith by a nation which boasts of fuperior politeneſs to the reſt of the world, and which, for a long time paſt, has preſcribed the rules of gallantry to all Europe.

Nevertheless, prompted by that ardour which truth inſpires, I dare to maintain the contrary, and reſolutely inſiſt, that there are ſome marriages formed by love, which may be delightful, where the affections are ſympathetic. Nature has preſented us with pleaſures ſuitable to our ſpecies, and we need only to follow her impulse, refined by taſte, and exalted by a lively and agreeable imagination, in order to attain the moſt perfect felicity of which human nature is ſuſceptible: ambition,

avarice, vanity, when enjoyed in the most exquisite perfection, can yield but trifling and tasteless pleasures, which will be too inconsiderable to affect a mind of delicate sensibility.

We may consider the gifts of fortune as so many steps necessary to arrive at felicity, which we can never attain, being obliged to set bounds to our desires, and being only gratified with some of her frivolous favours, which are nothing more than the torments of life, when they are considered as the necessary means to acquire or preserve a more exquisite felicity.

This felicity consists alone in friendship, founded on mutual esteem, fixed by gratitude, supported by inclination, and animated by the tender solitudes of love, whom the ancients have admirably described under the appearance of a beautiful infant: it is pleased with infantine amusements, it is delicate and affectionate, incapable of mischief, delighted with trifles; its pleasures are gentle and innocent.

They have given a very different representation of another passion, too gross to be mentioned, but, of which alone, men in general are susceptible. This they have

described under the figure of a satyr, who has more of the brute than of the man in his composition. By this fabulous animal they have expressed a passion, which is the real foundation of all the fine exploits of modish gallantry, and which only endeavours to glut its appetite with the possession of the object which is most lovely in its estimation: a passion founded in injustice, supported by deceit, and attended by crimes, remorse, jealousy, and contempt. Can such an affection be delightful to a virtuous mind? Nevertheless, such is the delightful attendant on all illicit engagements; gallants are obliged to abandon all those sentiments of honour which are inseparable from a liberal education, and are doomed to live wretchedly in the constant pursuit of what reason condemns, to have all their pleasures embittered by remorse, and to be reduced to the deplorable condition of having renounced virtue, without being able to make vice agreeable.

It is impossible to taste the delights of love in perfection, but in a well assorted marriage; nothing betrays such a narrowness of mind as to be governed by words. What though custom, for which good rea-

sons may be assigned, has made the words *husband* and *wife* somewhat ridiculous? A husband, in common acceptation, signifies a jealous brute, a surly tyrant; or, at best, a weak fool, who may be made to believe any thing. A wife is a domestic termagant, who is destined to deceive or torment the poor devil of a husband. The conduct of married people, in general, sufficiently justifies these two characters.

But, as I said before, Why should words impose upon us? A well-regulated marriage is not like these connections of interest or ambition. A fond couple, attached to each other by mutual affection, are two lovers who live happily together. Though the priest pronounces certain words, tho' the lawyer draws up certain instruments; yet I look on these preparatives in the same light as a lover considers a rope-ladder which he fastens to his mistress's window: if they can but live together, what does it signify at what price, or by what means, their union is accomplished? Where love is real and well founded, it is impossible to be happy but in the quiet enjoyment of the beloved object; and the price at which it is obtained, does not lessen the vivacity

and delights of a passion, such as my imagination conceives. If I was inclined to romance, I would not picture images of true happiness in Arcadia. I am not prudish enough to confine the delicacy of affection to wishes only. I would open my romance with the marriage of a couple united by sentiment, taste and inclination. Can we conceive a higher felicity than the blending of their interests and lives in such an union? The lover has the pleasure of giving his mistress the last testimony of esteem and confidence; and she, in return, commits her peace and liberty to his protection. Can they exchange more dear and affectionate pledges? Is it not natural to give the most incontestible proofs of that tenderness with which our minds are impressed? I am sensible, that some are so nice as to maintain, that the pleasures of love are derived from the dangers and difficulties with which it is attended; they very pertly observe, that a rose would not be a rose without thorns. There are a thousand insipid remarks of this sort, which make so little impression on me, that I am persuaded, was I a lover, the dread of injuring my mistress would make me unhap-

py, if the enjoyment of her was attended with danger to herself.

Two married lovers lead very different lives: they have the pleasure to pass their time in a successive intercourse of mutual obligations and marks of benevolence; and they have the delight to find, that each forms the entire happiness of the beloved object. Herein consists perfect felicity. The most trivial concerns of œconomy become noble and elegant, when they are exalted by sentiments of affection: to furnish an apartment, is not barely to furnish an apartment; it is a place where I expect my lover: to prepare a supper is not merely giving orders to my cook; it is an amusement to regale the object I doat on. In this light, a woman considers these necessary occupations, as more lively and affecting pleasures than those gaudy sights which amuse the greater part of the sex, who are incapable of true enjoyment.

A fixed and affectionate attachment, softens every emotion of the soul, and renders every object agreeable which presents itself to the happy lover (I mean one who is married to his mistress.) If he exercises any employment, the fatigues of the camp,

the troubles of the court, all become agreeable, when he reflects that he endures these inconveniencies to serve the object of his affections. If fortune is favourable to him, (for success does not depend on merit), all the advantages it procures are so many tributes which he thinks due to the charms of the lovely fair; and, in gratifying this ambition, he feels a more lively pleasure, and more worthy of an honest man, than that of raising his fortune, and gaining public applause. He enjoys glory, titles, and riches, no farther than as they regard her he loves; and when he attracts the approbation of a senate, the applause of an army, or the commendation of his prince, it is her praises which ultimately flatter him.

In a reverse of fortune, he has the consolation of retiring to one who is affected by his disgrace; and, locked in her embraces, he has the satisfaction of giving utterance to the following tender reflections: "My happiness does not depend
" on the caprice of fortune; I have a constant asylum against inquietude. Your
" esteem renders me insensible of the injustice of a court, or the ingratitude of

“ a master ; and my losses afford me a kind
“ of pleasure, since they furnish me with
“ fresh proofs of your virtue and affection.
“ Of what use is grandeur to those who
“ are already happy ? We have no need
“ of flatterers, we want no equipages ; I
“ reign in your affections, and I enjoy
“ every delight in the possession of your
“ person.”

In short, there is no situation in which melancholy may not be assuaged by the company of the beloved object. Sickness itself is not without its alleviation, when we have the pleasure of being attended by her we love. I should never conclude, if I attempted to give a detail of all the delights of an attachment, wherein we meet with every thing that can flatter the senses with the most lively and diffusive raptures. But I must not omit taking notice of the pleasure of beholding the lovely pledges of a tender friendship, daily growing up, and of amusing ourselves, according to our different sexes, in training them to perfection. We give way to this agreeable instinct of nature, refined by love. In a daughter, we praise the beauty of her mother ; in a son, we commend the understanding, and

the appearance of innate probity, which we esteem in his father. It is a pleasure which, according to Moses, the Almighty himself enjoyed, when he beheld the work of his hands, and saw that all was good.

Speaking of Moses, I cannot forbear observing, that the primitive plan of felicity infinitely surpasses all others, and I cannot form an idea of Paradise, more like a Paradise, than the state in which our first parents were placed: that proved of short duration, because they were unacquainted with the world; and it is for the same reason, that so few love-matches prove happy. Eve was like a silly child, and Adam was not much enlightened. When such people come together, their being amorous is to no purpose, for their affections must necessarily be short-lived. In the transports of their love, they form supernatural ideas of each other. The man thinks his mistress an angel, because she is handsome; and she is enraptured with the merit of her lover, because he adores her. The first decay of her complexion deprives her of his adoration; and the husband, being no longer an adorer, becomes hateful to her, who had

no other foundation for her love. By degrees, they grow disgustful to each other; and, after the example of our first parents, they do not fail to reproach each other with the crime of their mutual imbecility. After indifference, contempt comes apace, and they are convinced, that they must hate each other, because they are married. Their smallest defects swell in each other's view, and they grow blind to those charms, which, in any other object, would affect them. A commerce founded merely on sensation, can be attended with no other consequences.

A man, when he marries the object of his affections, should forget that she appears to him adorable, and should consider her merely as a mortal, subject to disorders, caprice, and ill temper; he should arm himself with fortitude, to bear the loss of her beauty, and should provide himself with a fund of complaisance, which is requisite to support a constant intercourse with a person even of the highest understanding and the greatest equanimity. The wife, on the other hand, should not expect a continued course of adulation and obedience; she should dispose herself to obey in her turn

with a good grace; a science very difficult to attain, and consequently the more estimable in the opinion of a man who is sensible of the merit. She should endeavour to revive the charms of the mistress, by the solidity and good sense of the friend.

When a pair who entertain such rational sentiments, are united by indissoluble bonds, all nature smiles upon them, and the most common objects appear delightful. In my opinion, such a life is infinitely more happy and more voluptuous, than the most ravishing and best regulated gallantry.

A woman who is capable of reflection, can consider a gallant in no other light, than that of a seducer who would take advantage of her weakness, to procure a momentary pleasure at the expence of her glory, her peace, her honour, and perhaps her life. A highwayman who claps a pistol to your breast, to rob you of your purse, is less dishonest and less guilty; and I have so good an opinion of myself, as to believe, that if I was a man, I should be as capable of assuming the character of an assassin, as that of defiling an honest woman, esteemed in the world, and happy in her husband, by inspiring her with a passion to which

she must sacrifice her honour, her tranquillity, and her virtue.

Should I make her despicable, who appears amiable in my eyes? Should I reward her tendernefs, by making her abhorred by her family, by rendering her children indifferent to her, and her husband detestible? I believe that these reflections would have appeared to me in as strong a light, if my sex had not rendered them excusable in such cases; and I hope that I should have had more sense than to imagine vice the less vicious, because it is the fashion.

N. B. I am much pleased with the Turkish manners; a people, though ignorant, yet, in my judgment, extremely polite. A gallant convicted of having debauched a married woman, is regarded as a pernicious being, and held in the same abhorrence as a prostitute with us. He is certain of never making his fortune; and they would deem it scandalous to confer any considerable employment on a man suspected of having committed such enormous injustice.

What would these moral people think of our anti-knights errant, who are ever in

pursuit of adventures to reduce innocent virgins to distress, and to rob virtuous women of their honour; who regard beauty, youth, rank, nay virtue itself, as so many incentives, which inflame their desires, and render their efforts more eager; and who, priding themselves in the glory of appearing expert seducers, forget, that with all their endeavours, they can only acquire the second rank in that noble order, the devil having long since been in possession of the first.

Our barbarous manners are so well calculated for the establishment of vice and wretchedness, which are ever inseparable, that it requires a degree of understanding and sensibility infinitely above the common, to relish the felicity of a marriage such as I have described. Nature is so weak, and so prone to change, that it is difficult to maintain the best grounded constancy, in the midst of those dissipations, which our ridiculous customs have rendered unavoidable.

It must pain an amorous husband to see his wife take all the fashionable liberties; it seems harsh not to allow them; and, to be conformable, he is reduced to the ne-

cessity of letting every one take them that will, to hear her impart the charms of her understanding to all the world, to see her display her bosom at noon-day, to behold her bedeck herself, for the ball, and for the play, and attract a thousand and a thousand adorers, and listen to the insipid flattery of a thousand and a thousand coxcombs. Is it possible to preserve an esteem for such a creature? or, at least, must not her value be greatly diminished by such a commerce?

I must still resort to the maxims of the East, where the most beautiful women are content to confine the power of their charms to him who has a right to enjoy them; and they are too sincere, not to confess, that they think themselves capable of exciting desires.

I recollect a conversation that I had with a lady of great quality at Constantinople, (the most amiable woman I ever knew in my life, and with whom I afterwards contracted the closest friendship.) She frankly acknowledged, that she was satisfied with her husband. What libertines, said she, you Christian ladies are! You are permitted to receive visits from as

many men as you think proper, and your laws allow you the unlimited use of love and wine. I assured her that she was wrong informed, and that it was criminal to listen to, or to love, any other than our husbands. "Your husbands are great fools," she replied smiling, "to be content with so precarious a fidelity. Your necks, your eyes, your hands, your conversation are all for the public, and what do you pretend to reserve for them? Pardon me, my pretty sultana," she added, embracing me, "I have a strong inclination to believe all that you tell me, but you would impose impossibilities upon me. I know the filthiness of the infidels; I perceive that you are ashamed, and I will say no more."

I found so much good sense and propriety in what she said, that I knew not how to contradict her; and at length, I acknowledged that she had reason to prefer the Mahometan manners to our ridiculous customs, which form a confused medley of the rigid maxims of Christianity, with all the libertinism of the Spartans. And, notwithstanding our absurd manners, I am persuaded, that a woman who is deter-

mined to place her happiness in her husband's affections, should abandon the extravagant desire of engaging public adoration; and that a husband, who tenderly loves his wife, should, in his turn, give up the reputation of being a gallant. You find that I am supposing a very extraordinary pair; it is not very surprising, therefore, that such an union should be uncommon in those countries where it is requisite to conform to established customs, in order to be happy.

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